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THE MILLENNIUM.

A POEM,

BY WALKER PEARCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by WALKER PEARCE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PROVIDENCE:
A. CRAWFORD GREENE, STATE PRINTER, RAILROAD HALLS.
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PREFACE.

This little production is sent out into the world with the design of prompting special attention to the most interesting topic under the discussion of this, or any preceding age, viz: "The Second Appearing and Personal Reign of the Savior on the Earth." Blank verse has been commonly supposed the most expressive in the treatment of dignified subjects; but I have thought the peculiarly euphonious rhythm of the Spenserian measure, when effectively used, as preferable in some few instances of the kind. In connection with other efforts of the faithful throughout Christendom, that his may accomplish some good, is the sincere desire of the writer.

Remember, dear reader, that any participation whatever in the Kingdom of Christ, is confined by the promise *exclusively* to them that "look for Him;"—Heb. ix. 28; the crown of life will be given *only* to those who "love his appearing." 1 Tim iv. 8.

WALKER PEARCE.

Burlington, N. J., June 18, 1871.

24-17292

THE MILLENNIUM.

I will come unto you.—John xiv. 18.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but *my words* shall not pass away.—Matt. xxiv. 35.

I.

Oh Muse Divine! from thy ethereal throne
Descend, and to the waiting sons of men,
Through fervid strains aglow with truth make known
Prospective visions of that glory when
Our Earth, from pop'lous mart to mountain glen,
Reveals a present God to mortal ken—
Bright scentillations of the coming day
Are falling *now* along the pilgrim's way.

II.

Ye rich in faith look up—your King behold,
His chariot-wheels announce the tyrant's doom—
Thrice welcome rings from harps of burnish'd gold,
And myriad smiling Edens 'round him bloom;
While Grace unseals the humble martyr's tomb,
And deathless forms the rising saints assume:
Their garments screen'd from slightest trace of flame, (1)
Though quenchless fire consume the hosts of shame, (2)

III.

What sound was that which makes the nations quail!
When did such note salute the human ear.
From yonder azure void, borne on the gale
The grand prelude methinks I clearly hear,
Which speaks distinct the eventful moment near

When startled Guilt shall hide her face with fear,
While quaking worlds remote asunder rend,
And in one wrath-enkindled chaos blend!

IV.

Hail Love supreme, blest Source of heav'nly light!
'Mid planets' crash and quiv'ring Nature's blaze,
Thy varied splendors e'en shall seem more bright
To those who upward fix their trustful gaze:
Well may thy chosen thus absorb'd in sweet amaze,
With angel-numbers join the song of praise;—
Yea, waft aloft on incense-breathing wings
Deserv'd Hosannas to the King of Kings!

V.

What tho' adorn'd with fairest, costliest stone,
No oriental monarch's diadem,
Sure, ever with so winning lustre shone
As that which marks the Babe of Bethlehem—
Is He the same for worship sought by them
Who guided onward by Night's choicest gem
Paused where the careless brute familiar stood
In breathing presence of Supernal Good?

VI.

Shall homage feign'd, the spawn of fiendish Hate,
Be offer'd now by him who glad had shed
Thy infant blood; or those—accurs'd of Fate—
Who crown'd with cruel thorns thy manhood's head,
And rack'd that precious frame with tortures dread,
Till tearful Mercy cut in twain the vital thread,
While tremors deep—apt types of those to come—
Shook to its utmost base Creation's dome!

VII.

Princes of ev'ry clime, come hither look,—
Contemplate by Archangel fingers turn'd
The glit'ring pages of yon mystic book,
Have you its weighty revelations learn'd
So late alone by Deity discern'd?
(Wot ye of sins unpardon'd, mercies spurn'd?)
Alas, unless your names are written there,
What balm—oh tell me—for your dire despair!

VIII.

In vain on rocks and hills ye call—wild dream!—
Cajol'd by tongue of minions crouching nigh,
Have ye indulg'd the hope (Madness extreme!)
To 'scape the glance of the All-seeing Eye?
Who doth thy inmost thought and wish descry,
Right soon shall bid the base delusion fly;
Then shall your frantic fears themselves confess
Your crimes, your poverty, your nakedness.

IX.

Great God! I pray in the Redeemer's name,
What other sorrows here may wing this heart,
Preserve me from the horror, anguish, shame
Rous'd by that utt'rance terrible, "Depart!"
No, rather mine the keenest, bitt'rest smart
Inflicted by the grim assassin's dart—
Thy voice in ire would mar for aye my rest,
Nay form a hell complete within my breast! (3)

X.

But lo! the sluggish virgins heedless sleep—
The Day ineffable at length appears!
Strange terrors o'er man's prostrate spirits creep,
And tort'ring moments swell to woful years!
Ah Sinner, warn'd so oft by saintly seers,
Why now those piercing shrieks, those scorching tears,—
Does waking coscience stain'd, anticipate,
Ere it descend the hardest stroke of Fate?

XI.

From Zenith to horizon, either side,
Heav'n's Beauty-sparkling gates wide open fly;
The visible glories of the crucified,
Reflected full on the o'erarching sky,
Attract the wond'ring view of ev'ry eye,
And indicate the New Jerus'lem nigh—
Her dawning charms—O Loveliness unsung!
The theme too lofty e'en for cherub-tongue!

XII.

Down where the broad Euphrates' lucid wave (4
Rolls grandly as of yore toward the main,—

There where the buoyant sun-beams joy to love,
Good bards to breathe aloft a pious strain,
Fool-mock'd, world-hated Pilgrims to complain
(Forlorn) of the delay'd Messiah's reign,—
E'en sooner than their sweet petition ends, (5)
The All-subduing Son of God descends!

XIII.

Their watchful Elder Brother hears their cries, (6)
And swifter than Aurora's fleetest beam,
Undaunted downward to their rescue flies;
For friends his brow shows mild compassion's gleam—
Yet awful vengeance for his enemies—
O mark his bounding foll'wers' rapt surprise!—
Close by their side their ready Saviour stands,
With widely open arms and out-stretch'd hands!

XIV

Up gently to the Safety Ark he leads,
Which graceful pois'd above like Cov'nant Bow,
Is reach'd by paths through ever blooming meads
Where pois'nous, wounding thorns no longer grow;
These mix'd with blacken'd ashes of the foe, (7)
Their hostile points no more shall threat'ning show:
Despots with all their loathsome, puny rage,
Vain pomp and weapons mean gone from life's stage.

XV.

As that rare tree of distant Eastern land,
Erect, its limbless trunk lifts high from ground,
Then as if deftly touch'd by magic wand,
Bursts topward, sudden with a thund'ring sound,
With lustrous, Iris-tinted flower crown'd,
Huge, tow'ring and of symmetry profound;
So Nature, shorn of Satan's perverse train,
Becomes forthwith a Paradise again.

XVI.

Like glossy bird that lures with cunningwings (8)
The thoughtless prey to greedy crocodile,
The heartless Tempter drew through mazy rings,
His blinded votaries to ruin vile,
Till caught at last by his own treach'rous wile,

No more his gilded sorceries beguile—
Rejoice ye worthy Saints, whom ye adore (9)
Shall rule with you forever, ever more!

XVII.

Tho' the encrimson'd Moon and darken'd Sun
The summons from their orbits vast—obey,
The face of the serene, Incarnate One,
Shall greet our globe with dearer, kinder ray;
The matchless treasure none shall take away,
Nor blot the brilliant disc of ceaseless day—
Say, what the very highest worldly bliss
To be compar'd with heritage like this!

XVIII.

The glowing Bridegroom's friendly greeting, "Come!"—
Oh, who shall fairly paint the joy intense,
That strikes at once the ransom'd spirit dumb,—
Enwraps e'en life awhile in fond suspense,
And drives pale languid Sorrow ever thence,
Ay, arms us fully with Omnipotence!
With title to a residence in Heav'n,
All else to sense desirable is giv'n.

XIX.

Who early made accepted sacrifice,
Then perish'd by a savage brother's hand,
Near, honor'd on the right, before mine eyes,
Conspicuous, sav'd, appears to stand:
His saliant faith first saw the Better Land,
And o'er the darksome Cross the Throne expand:—
His dazzling star-crown'd head ne'er hence shall show
The bleeding, livid gash of murd'rer's blow.

XX.

'Midst the assembly of the truly Blest,
(Priests, Prophets, Elders, Patriarchs fair,)
Who lean'd upon his kind Redeemer's breast,
Still clings as closely, fondly, sweetly there!
Daniel belov'd, from rav'nous Lion's lair—
Joseph, escap'd from lech'rous Syren's snare,
See, closely circled by the Angelic throng,
Strike on their dulcet harps the Bridal Song.

XXI.

The Marriage Supper of the risen Lamb—
The sumptuous feast that Loving kindness spreads—
The hallow'd 'tendants of the Great I Am—
The paths prepar'd, which our Immanuel treads—
The Perfect Light his constant presence sheds,
How ever half conceiv'd by sainted heads!—
Yet Fancy dares to sip the nect'rous sweets
That richly cluster 'round the golden streets—

XXII.

Uncheck'd, unscath'd unwearied loves to walk
(And muse,) along, adown Life's River-shore,
And with the noble happy Twelve to talk
The countless wonders of Redemption o'er:
E'en freely to converse with him of yore
Who stood old Athen's frowning lords before,
And to the whilom rul'd of Error's rod,
Proclaim'd aloud, around the UNKNOWN GOD!

XXIII.

How pleasant is it, think, with him to roam,
(Near where the glist'ning, living Fountains play,)
Who upright, walk'd with God till taken home,
Untouch'd by rugged Death or wan Decay— (10)
If Heav'n such honor condescends to pay
Unto a simple creature 'shrin'd in clay,
Boundless Munificence forsooth must wait (11)
Upon a holy, beatific state.

XXIV.

Let's tread with Moses Sinai's airy height,
No darkling, furious storms deface his brow,
From palmy Pisgah scan the church in white,
No pining, crushing cares disturb her now:
Faithful e'en to the end her virgin-vow,
Her worthy honors, foes themselves allow;—
She " reaps in joy " udmix'd, her high reward,
Her hopes, her All—"forever with the Lord!"

XXV.

Imagine ev'ry noxious, graceless thing,
On teeming Nature's measureless domain,
That walks or crawls or swims or moves by wing,

Anon as by some new enchantment ta'en.
At once its old pernicious habits slain,
No never, never to revive again—
But nothing, nothing seen by mortal eyes
Nothing except the hapless sinner dies.

XXVI.

Ah, that *is* death indeed which flows from sin,—
Heal'd by one mighty remedy alone;
Contrition's earnest prayer the cure shall win
Breath'ed forth in name of the Beloved Son:
By him for you the marv'lous work was done,
Thus he's the Rock himself to build upon— (12)
"Only believe" and freely be forgiv'n. (13)
And with him dwell in heav'n.

XXVII.

Contrasting Lord, thy gen'rous, touching love
With sin deform'd, despoil'd, degraded state,
(The sinless Lamb that bled guilt to remove,)
Astonish'd at benevolence so great,
I feel compell'd almost myself to hate
That I esteem'd the sov'reign gift so late:—
Rich, full and free thy grace? no merit mine?
Then make, come make me wholly,—alway thine!

XXVIII.

Lost, poison'd, lying World! thy serpent-fangs,
Conceal'd and coil'd in artful, winding chain,
Have often swiftly shot unwritten pangs
(Hell-born) through many, many a human brain,
And thrilling wails have rung thwart ev'ry plain,
All earthly comforts proving worse than vain—
In David's house the priceless balm was found
Which quickly heals the dang'rous, damning wound.

XXIX.

In sympathy with thy severe distress,
He kindly tells thee "go, and sin no more,"
Lest grieving sorely at thy wilfulness,
To thy own way at last he gives thee o'er,
Thy case then O, far sadder than before—
Naught known his royal favor shall restore—
Who shall a moment madly hesitate
To fly with haste so mis'rable a fate?

XXX.

Were I ungrateful Savior—Savior mine,
For thy undreamt, unpaid, exceeding grace,
In those bright, chaste, celestial courts of thine,
I could not—would not show my guilty face:
What power could my blushing shame erase,
Sense vivid, of unworthiness displace,
Where e'en the spotless Cherubim are veil'd,
And hymns of praise from ev'ry lip exhal'd!

XXXI.

With that superb, illustrious company,
The "pure in heart"—my Savior's bosom friends.
O Lord! vouchsafe in love my lot to be,
To Thee my fervent, ceaseless pray'r ascends,
Yes, thither solely my ambition tends,
The joyous goal attain'd, my trouble ends:—
This lively, sacred hope of greater worth
Than all the wealth that appertains to earth.

XXXII.

Those winsome gems pluck'd from maternal breast,
Observe in richer, rarer colors set—
Call'd Innocence from bitter pain at rest,
A higher life beyond is living yet;—
God with his gather'd own in glory met,
How shall he—would he—can he e'er forget!
Below, the darkling clouds *may* float awhile,
Above, beams brightly his perpetual smile.

XXXIII.

Old Rome late tott'ring to her destin'd fall,
The groan from ghostly Superstition's den,
The mystic Babylon's demolish'd wall, (14)
The truthful witnesses refresh'd again, (15)
Or trampled, sullied records made more plain,—
Speak with no dubious tongue to thinking men—
In five years more (but five) quick fled away, (16)
Much that shall be, man durst not say;

XXXIV.

But He to whom the future's fully known,
Christ's promis'd righteous reign on earth begun,

Has through his holy prophets plainly shown (16*)
Before those years their course entire, have run!—
The gen'ral hour of trial hast'ning on,
Shall we our known, appointed duties shun?—
Do cheerful, hearty, with thy head and hands,
All that the perfect law of God demands.

XXXV.

For social joys always thy fav'rite spot
Be where the loving, tried Believers meet; (17)
Let earthly pleasures fascinate thee not
From that secure, select retreat:
Crush instant with disdain beneath thy feet
What e'er obscures the promise soothing, sweet,
He made:—"I will not leave the comfortless"—
In *person* he will surely come to bless! (18)

XXXVI.

When billows o'er her creaking bulwarks dash
That anchor shall sustain thy unmoor'd bark:
Tho' tempests loudly roar and lightnings flash—
All nature rock—the heavens be thickly dark,
(Christ for thy fearless leader, haven, mark,)
Upon the foaming flood shall float thine ark—
Press ever steady only Zionward,
The prize reserv'd on high thy chief regard.

XXXVII.

True, thine a weary, lonely voy'ge has been,
In steering onward to a better world;
Yet *signs of land* are daily, hourly seen,
And lo, thy snowy sails are still unfurl'd;
What tho' the witless Scoffer's lip be curl'd,
And flaming brands of Persecution hurl'd;
Still "look not back" nor pause, my Christian friend,
But come "off more than conqueror" in the end.

XXXVIII.

What see'st thou in the tangled retrospect—
Aught to thy nobler, sweeter hope akin,
'Mid broken hearts, false lights and birth-rights wreck'd,
No quiet, healthful port to enter in,—
No shelter from the blighting storms of sin,—
No solid treasures laid up there to win?—

Spread boldly than thy canvass for the clime
Of "perfect peace," soul-rest and joys sublime! (19)

XXXIX.

Fear not tho' e'en fell Hurricane
With strongest, fiercest blast seem to o'erwhelm,
Nor shroud nor spar nor mast nor line remain—
A potent hand unseen, shall seize the helm,
Then safe as if beneath the breeze fann'd elm,
Thou still shalt speed toward the blissful realm,
Thy feet unbound, soon press its radiant shore,
To tempt the howling, dismal main no more.

XL.

Angels allur'd shall list'ning bend to hear,
Leant lovely on their shining harps, the tale
Of all thy strange, diverse adventures here,
Thy snare-set journies through the gloomy vale,
Thence more delightsome notes perchance exhale
To Him whose "tender" "mercies never fail"—
The searchless "riches of his grace" our portion be
Alike in time and in Eternity!

XLI.

Ye idols of the dreary past, Farewell;
E'en when your empty, boasted charms were new,
Something within was often wont to tell
Of unseen objects worthier than you:
The priceless substance glaring full in view,
The useless shadow how shall I pursue—
How be to faded, childish toys return'd,
With pendent glory's op'ning door discern'd:

XLII.

When he in Patmos wonderfully dream'd,
And splendid, tasteful Panorama form'd,
Where horrors frown'd and peerless beauties beam'd,
Where angry judgments chill'd and blessings warm'd,
Those liv'd who frequent practiced crimes unharm'd,
By harden'd, slumb'ring conscience unalarm'd—
The artist's latent drift misunderstood,
To warn the wicked and to cheer the good:

XLIII.

But He who through his trusty prophets spake,
Sheds copious from Apocalyptic page,
New light, from death-like lethargy to wake
His chosen subjects of the present age;
With increas'd strength and ardor to engage
In blessed works of love though Devils rage;
His tireless arm shall soon salvation bring,
The Universe throughout his triumphs sing!

XLIV.

The daring Man of Sin and venal priest
Their stated time is coming, flying fast
When the False Prophet and the Papal Beast
Shall in the burning, sulph'rous Lake be cast: (20)
At their own vill'nous mummeries aghast
Their *blessed fount* shall hiss and seethe and blast— (21)
Deceit should early cease to victimize
Its poor, defil'd, deluded votaries.

XLV.

The Warrior Beast "that was and is and not," (22)
And (sentenc'd) also "to perdition goes,"
Alas, an isolated pris'ner's lot
Is merely all "his excellency" knows— (23)
Both friends and enemies conjoin'd depose: (24)
To stifle honest Truth he proudly rose,
Thus, from a law at least in part well known, (25)
Why he must simply "reap as he has sown."

XLVI.

With God by thee strong, mail clad, marshal'd ranks
Ply their loud ton'd artillery for naught:
Then bring the fragrant sacrifice of thanks,
Let whatsoe'er he will accept be brought,
Be by his kindly, sapient counsels taught,
His favor undelay'd be ardent sought;
That favor only will in full repay
The combin'd efforts of Life's transient day.

XLVII.

Though this and more be true, yet O my God,
How far mankind from thee has blindly stray'd:

Men, chasten'd sore by hunger's heavy rod,
Upon their fellow-men have desp'rate prey'd—
Not strange a King unwonted grief betray'd,
(Stunn'd, horrified, depress'd, distress'd, dismay'd,)
When mothers slew their helpless babes outright,
To soothe a madden'd, dev'lish appetite!

XLVIII.

Sin soil'd our earth—Ah wretched, wrathful day,
When lustful life on life began to live:—
But Mercy can the deadly plague allay,
And e'en the shocking, nauseous past forgive,
Require that each with other case to strive, (26)
Nor of a solitary right deprived;—
Can easy render her ambrosial fruit
Sufficient amply, both for man and brute.

XLIX.

"Our God!"—O could we really *feel* him ours, (27)
That stirring, kindling, darling sense alone
Would quick'ning permeate these mortal pow'rs
With Ecstasy—quite untii then unknown—
How swiftly melts away the heart of stone
Where once his lib'ral pard'ning grace is shown—
Keep our affections firmly fix'd on Thee,
Author august, of "Glorious Liberty!"

L.

Fond Muse, thy votive, earth-sung lay refrain,
And for a higher, abler song prepare,
Where binding galls no more the captive's chain,
And affluent, unfading pleasures are: (28)
A few more rigorous rebuffs to bear
For proven Right—we shouting enter there!—
List! the delicious, rapt'rous notes of home!
"Come (Saviour,) Jesus Lord, come quickly, come!"

FINIS.

APPENDIX.

(1) "*Their garments screen'd from slightest trace of fame.*" Like those of the Hebrew children in the "fiery furnace" of Nebuchadnezzar

(2) "*Though quenchless fire,*" *etc.* Scriptural phrase—"unquenchable fire."

(3) "*Form a hell complete,*" *etc.* This. I presume, will be deem'd at least an excusable hyperbole: the mere discovery of God's anger compared to the condition of lost spirit. As to the character of future punishment, it certainly implies something beyond simple physical suffering. The Bible declares that God "is able to cast *both soul and body* into hell; and he has threatened to pour out his severest judgments upon the head of the wicked: moreover it positively asserts he is "a consuming fire."

(4) "*Down where the broad Euprates,*" *etc.* Some portion of the Holy Land has perhaps been very naturally associated in their imagination by several writers with the scenes of the Judgment Day. However, locality in such cases is generally regarded as common property.

(5) "*E'en sooner than their sweet petition ends.*" Yea, while I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation.—Dan. ix. 21.

(6) "*Their watchful Elder Brother,*" *etc.* This tender relationship between the Redeemer and his Disciples is, I believe, Biblically intimated or express'd where God is represented as their father, and Christ their elder brother.—See Heb. ii. 11; John xx. 17; Rom. viii. 29.

(7) "*These mix'd with blacken'd ashes of the foe.*" And ye shall tread down the wicked; for they shall be *ashes under the soles of your feet* in the day that I shall do *this*, saith the Lord of hosts.—Mal. iv. 3.

(8) "*Like glossy bird that lures with cunning wings.*" It is said the Honey-bird is in the habit of affecting some injury to induce pursuit, when it retreats in the direction of the conchant crocodile.

(9) "*Rejoice we worthy saints,*" *etc.* Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy.—Rev. iii. 4.

(10) "*Untouch'd by rugged Death or wan decay.*" Decay is nothing but incipient Death. Enoch never died either in the abstract, or in the concrete.

(11) "*Boundless Munificence forsooth must wait, Upon a holy, beatific state.*" All things are yours; And ye are Christ's: and Christ is God's.—See 1 Cor. vs. 21, 22, 23.

(12) "*Thus he's the rock himself to build upon.*" Peter is not, nor his pretended successors: whosoever heareth these sayings of *mine*, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock.—Matt. vii. 24.

(13) "*Only believe,*" *etc.* Be not afraid, only believe.—Mark v. 36.

(14) "*The mystic Babylon's demolish'd wall.*" During the bombardment of Paris, I heard a minister by the name of Hanniwalt suggest that this city corresponded in every particular with the one described in Rev. xviii. The fact is now generally conceded.

(15) "*The truthful witnesses refresh'd again*" See a work entitled, "The Two Witnesses," by S. S. Brewer.

(16) "*In five years more* (*but five*) *quick fled away.*" Vide Diagram in World's Crisis of May 3, 1871.

(16*) "*Has through his holy prophets plainly shown.*" Write the vision and make it plain, that he that runneth may read.—Heb. iv. 2. Not only were the intermediate occurrences of the prophetic vision or visions, to be made plain, but so also the fixed time of the end. Hence the angelic messenger of God, Gabriel, the object of whose visit to Daniel was to impart "skill," and "understanding" of the matter to the perplex'd prophet, positively declared "the end shall be at the time appointed." Dan. viii. 16. Therefore at the period indicated by the context, and corroborated by that declaration, the end will inevitably come. For several thousand years there has not been, as might be justly expected, the *shadow* of failure in any one of those revelations of the Omniscient concerning the future. So that in every phase of the subject we have the most convincing reasons possible, for immovably believing:—Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, (here of course implying the prophecies,) till all be fulfilled.—Matt. v. 18.

(17) "*Be where the loving*"—*etc.* By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another. John xiii. 35. —"*tried Believers,*" *etc.* That the trial of your faith, being much more precious than that of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fore, might be found unto praise, and honor, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ.—1 Pet. i. 7.

(18) "*In person he will surely come to bless.*" This is the only construction that common sense can place upon the emphatic declaration:—"I will come unto you. On this point, Dr. Seiss very pertinently refers to the words of the angels to the disciples:—Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus (*id est in proporial persona*) which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts i. 21. And it came to pass while he *blessed* them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.—Luke xxiv. 51.

(19) "*Of perfect peace*"—*etc.* Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is strayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee. Isa. xxvi. 3. —"*soul-rest.*" A popular poet remarks: "The mind disturb'd, denies the body rest." Well it is a consolation to reflect, there will be nothing of this kind in heaven.

(20) "*Shall in the burning, sulph'rous Lake be cast.*" And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipp'd his image. These both were cast *alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone.*

(21) "*Their blessed fount shall hiss and seethe and blast.*" Will the Papists deny the priest's habit of blessing a founntain of water, and then retailing it to his ignorant devotees?

(22) "*The Warrior Beast that was and is and not.*" Rev. xvii. 8. 11. It was stated a few years ago, and never since contradicted, that the French Emperor had applied this description of the inspired writer to himself, (Louis,) not even knowing it to be recorded in the Bible.

(23) "*Is merely all 'his excellency' knows.*"—Job iv. 21, xx. 6.

(24) "*Both friends and enemies conjoin'd depose;*" The adherents of Louis Napoleon admit the utter impossibility of restoring him to the throne of France.

(25("*Thus from a law at least in part well known.*" Why, he must simply "reap as he has sown:" whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.—Gal. vi. 7. Upon the same principle that "man by nature knew not God," so likewise he was ignorant of the law mention'd as far as it relates to spiritual things, but from a supposed universal knowledge of the same law with respect to material things was based that cogent metaphorical interrogatory of our Lord, viz: Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?—Matt. vii. 16.

(26) "*Require that each with other cease to strive,*" *etc.* They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord.—Isa. xi. 9 and lxv. 25.

(27) "'*Our God!*'—*O could we really feel him ours.*" And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us; this is the Lord: we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.—Isa. xxv. 9.

(28) "*And affluant; unfading pleasures are.*" In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore."—Psalm xvi. 11.

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